

THE LIBERATOR.

VOL. VII.

OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE ALL MANKIND.

NO. 9.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.]

[SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1837.]

THE LIBERATOR

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TERMS.
TWO DOLLARS per annum, always
payable in advance.
All letters and communications must be
sent paid. The rule is imperative, in order to
avoid the frequent impositions of our
enemies. Those, therefore, who wish their letters to
be taken from the Post Office by us, will be careful
to pay their postage.
An advertisement making one square, or
a space of equal length and breadth, will be inserted
three times for one dollar.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

The following highly interesting correspondence
was recently laid before the Board of Managers
of the Female Anti-Slavery Society of Philadelphia.
It was also fully concurred in by them, and
ordered to be published in the National Enquirer.
We recommend it to the particular notice of our
readers and friends in all parts of America
and elsewhere.—Ed. Nat. Eng.

TO ANGELINA E. GRIMKE.
From the Corresponding Secretary of the Female
Anti-Slavery Society of Concord, New Hampshire.

CONCORD, N. H., Nov. 1835.

OUR VERY DEAR SISTER:—For such is the
cause of oppressed humanity, in the love
which emanates from the Exhaustless Source,
we are constrained to address you,—we, a few
females in the far state of New Hampshire, who
have formed ourselves into a society, for the
purpose of strengthening our hearts and uniting
our efforts in the blessed cause of emancipation.
We make no apology for thus addressing you—
we feel that none will be needed, abrupt as some
might deem this introduction of our humble
services to your notice. We, who are attached to
the sect that is every where spoken against,
are not strangers,—the intervening of a few hun-
dred miles and the lack of personal acquaintance
form no bar to communion of feeling and sympathy.
We have a community of interests, we
have thrown ourselves, as it were, into the com-
mune, and are "brethren near," by some of the
holiest bonds of endearment. The persecutions
we suffer, and the trials we are called to
endure, strengthen those bonds, while they con-
centrate and augment our efforts, and greatly
promote that harmony and unanimity of action,
which are indispensable in carrying on a great
work. Was ever the hand of the Almighty
more visible than it has been in the progress of
this work? In how many instances has that hand
restrained the wrath of infuriated but impotent
man? And to the astonishment of those who
have stood aloof as spectators of the seemingly
unequal conflict, (not of opinions only, but of
principles,) maintained by a despised minority in
numbers on the one hand, and the people and the
civil authorities on the other, the righteous cause
has steadily advanced, and its adherents have in-
creased through the whole length and breadth
of our land. Surely "Truth is mighty and will
prevail!"

You will permit us, dear sister, to say of your
letter to William Lloyd Garrison, the undoubted
pioneer in the cause of holy freedom, in this free
country, and devotedly dear to all who have fol-
lowed in the same glorious enterprise, that this
letter has refreshed our spirits, and inspired us
with new courage. Nor is alone has it so re-
freshed and so inspired, but the thousands who
are scattered over our widely extended country,
in proud cities, busy villages, lowly hamlets, and
solitary dwellings among our mountains and for-
ests. Yes, even in the rude log cabins on our
remote frontiers, are hearts, which, in reference
to their oppressed and benighted brethren and
sisters in the bosom of our own enlightened na-
tion, are daily crying, "How long, O Lord, how
long?" and these hearts will be animated with
new hope and new fervor, while they listen to
this cheering, soothing voice of a kindred spirit
who seems to have nearer access to the mercy
seat. We would give thanks to Him under whose
influence that consoling epistle was so opportu-
nely sent. Be exhorted, dear sister, to continue in
this simple obedience, he will probably remain
for you to do, and He will give you strength to
perform all his requirements.

We cordially respond to all the sentiments
expressed in your letter. Thousands, we trust,
are willing and prepared to meet the martyr's
dom, rather than give up their heart-adopted
principles. They "count not their lives dear,"
they "fear not them that can kill the body, and
after that have no more that they can do." Mobs
do not daunt, reproaches, threats, personal insults
and injuries do not move them. There is an ex-
pansive, an elevating power in the grand object
of their efforts and their prayers, which lifts
them above these trifling circumstances. If they
were seeking self-aggrandizement, if they were
toiling for the riches, the honors, or the pleasures
of this fleeting world, it would be in perfect
keeping for them to recriminate and grow angry,
or even sink down disheartened under similar
difficulties. But they are looking at heavenly
things, at the sublime reality of eternity, at the
spiritual and temporal interests of millions of
their fellow beings, at the highest good of their
beloved country; and are they to be intimidated
or turned aside from their holy purpose by the
raging of those who are blinded by the god of
this world? No! they will pray for them, that
their eyes may be opened, and continue fear-
lessly on in their own noble path.

We need but look at the history of the church,
from the times of the Saviour downward, to find
that it is a history of persecutions. Christianity
is a system of reform, and all reformers have en-
countered persecution in some of its forms. It
is now raging against abolitionists, but it does

not take them unawares. It finds them resorting
to the throne of Omnipotence for support
and direction. It finds them endeavoring "to
put on the whole armor of God," that they may
stand in the day of trial. Never, O! never, in a
single instance may they so swear from their
faith as to take other weapons, but may they
trust alone in God. May He be their strength
in the day of trouble, keep them steadfast unto
the end, and if their lives are demanded, enable
them to give up with joy. If legislative enact-
ments are put forth against us, we must not be
dismayed. There is One that is higher than the
highest human authority—in obedience to Him
we shall be safe.

Our Garrison has breathed a most unrelenting
storm of popular fury, in a manner worthy of
himself and the cause. He has come forth un-
harmled, and even nerved with new vigor for
conquering conflicts. God be praised for mercies
vouchsafed to him in the hour of peril and of tri-
al! For the unshrinking firmness and self-pos-
sion he so nobly maintained, and for that un-
terrible peace of soul which enabled him to sleep
quietly on "prisoner's couch of straw." Many
of whom the world was not worthy, have so
suffered and so rejoiced. We trust that "prayer
without ceasing" will be made of the church unto
God for him, and for all who "stand in the fore-
front of the battle" for their spiritual preservation,
that they may never for a moment swerve from
true christian principles and practice, and may
ever be clothed with "charity, the bond of per-
fection."

Our sisters in Boston have been wonderfully
supported and favored with calmness during the
commotion of the elements around them. And
so weak woman can be made strong in faith and
in the promises of God! Their example is a no-
ble one, and will tend much to the furtherance
of the cause.

Towards those who hold their fellow-beings as
property, we believe there is but one sentiment
amongst us, and that is a sentiment of love and
brotherly kindness. We pray for them that they
may see their sin in this matter, and forsake it,
that they may be forgiven. We would not that a
hair of their heads should be hurt. And our
prayer is also for the oppressed, that they may be
kept in patience, and made willing to suffer more
rather than lift a hand against their oppressors.
We believe that the consummation devoutly to
be wished, asks not the shedding of blood. But
if blood must be shed, if lives must be sacrific-
ed, we unite with you in the prayer that "our
blood may be shed, our lives sacrificed," instead
of the slaveholders—instead of our beloved land
being ploughed in the horrors of a servile war;
for we are with you, in the solemn conviction
that it is a cause worth dying for!

These times of persecution may indeed be
for the purifying of the church. We trust they
will be. Then will Zion arise in her brightness,
and the hearts of her sons and daughters be
made glad when she shall put on her strength
and beautiful garments, and in her own land
offering shall ascend from her altars to the Most
High.

Finally, dear sisters, farewell. May our Heav-
enly Father keep us in his love, and prepare us
for every coming trial and every coming duty,
and grant that our end, under whatever circum-
stances, may be peace.

In and on behalf of the Ladies' Anti-Slavery
Society of Concord,
MARY CLARK, Corresponding Secretary.

MISS GRIMKE'S LETTER.

To the Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society of Concord.

THIRD MO. 16th, 1836.

Respected Friends,—Your truly acceptable
epistle was one of the most unexpected favors I
ever received, and I trust has been duly appre-
ciated by one who feels herself altogether un-
worthy of your notice. As those who are laboring
in the righteous cause of emancipation, I would
bid you "God speed," whilst my heart salutes
you as "unknown and yet well known;" whom
having not seen, I can nevertheless respect and
esteem for that work of faith and labor of love
whereunto you have put your hands.

I can respond to the sentiment, "we are not
strangers, though personally unacquainted," for
as the law of gravitation is in the natural world,
so by the laws of spiritual attraction, hearts which
are kindled by distance may be knit together in
the bonds of sympathy and love. This union among
abolitionists has doubtless been strengthened by
the open violence and hidden opposition which
many of them have met with, and endeavored to
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tating the councils of the Nation. West I have told them, I have truly told, and they cannot fail, I think, to get a more just impression of the actual workings here from the sketches I have given, though so imperfectly (from lack of time and space) than from any other source. Besides the outlines sent in my letters, I mean to give what I understand will not be given here, the principal speeches on the side of the North. That of Mr. Lincoln of Mass., I have already written out and submitted to his revision. I shall soon send it for the Advocate, to be followed by the speeches of Mr. Channing and Mr. Adams, the latter one of the noblest efforts of self-defence, on the records of time.

To-day the great vortex has been in a whirl again, and thus six days have passed in angry debate, and not a public or private bill touched. Monday, and probably Tuesday, will be expended on the case of *Reuben*. Mr. Whitney charged with confidence, and so it will go on, how long no one can tell. The slave debate, however, has I believe, been of immense value to the country. It has brought the Southern gentlemen to sober reflection. It has shown that there is not the terror in their threats of disunion which we have supposed. These threats have been thrown back upon them, and the North has told them she is tired of them, and if they insist on disunion, let them carry out their threat at once. They shrink from the test, and show that their cry of disunion is only used for a raw lead, and bloody bones to frighten the North, and that the moment the North turns upon them, they drop it, and say they were only in sports. They are brought to sober reflection by seeing that the violence of their course has driven their best friends from the North, who have stood by them on every vote; yes, even the most distinguished members from New York, to avow that they will not sit still and hear the North longer vilified, and that if the South persists in Mr. Calhoun's violence, she will drive every man who respects himself or loves his country, into the defence of the Abolitionists in spite of himself. This cord has been touched, and well touched to day, by Vanderpool of New York, and Sutherland of Penn., and the most furious men of the South have quailed under the rebuke, and had not a word to say in reply. Above all, this debate has proved that there are cool, patriotic, noble men from the South, who will not go to these extremes, and who will stand by the Union, come what will come. It is the insidious nullifiers, the half-lunatic declaimers from South Carolina and Georgia, who are evidently playing with this question of disunion, and who are leading up a Southern Confederacy, of which Calhoun may be the Chief, and these Hotspurs his Ministers. This design has been so clearly developed to-day, by the course of the most violent among the nullifiers, Pickens of South Carolina, that nearly the whole South shrunk from him, as they did yesterday from Mr. Calhoun.

Mr. Thompson in his doctrine of nullifying members of Congress and the State Legislature for freedom of speech; and let him alone in his glory. Depend upon it that in the midst of all this whirlwind of passion, there is patriotism and good sense enough at the South, to save the Union from so much as a single fracture. With these men the North will go, in all just and reasonable measures.

But it is time, and I have barely time, to give a hasty sketch of the events of to-day. Yesterday, a handbill was circulated in the House headed 'Disunion.' Last night and this morning a portion of the Southern members held a convention, in which it was talked out, that unless there was an expression made by Congress that slaves had no right to petition, under the constitution, they would, in a body, quit their seats and go home. Very many of the cooler heads from the south, would not go into this convention. So far as a simple expression of the fact, that slaves were not a portion of 'We, the People,' recognised in the constitution, was concerned, a large majority were disposed to indulge the south in the declaration of that fact; but, depend upon it, there never has been, in Congress, less disposition in the north to yield to any thing unreasonable from the south, than at this moment.

Mr. Lane of Indiana had, yesterday, moved a reconsideration of the vote by which the resolutions touching the slave petition, held by Mr. Adams, had been rejected. The north were willing to tell the south, that by that vote they did not mean to entertain petitions here, from slaves in the States, for abolishing slavery there, which could only be done by the States.

The question being on reconsideration, the debate began at half past eleven, and lasted till six in the evening.

Mr. Underwood of Kentucky, made a dull speech against slaves petitioning.

Mr. Gideon Lee of New York, moved the previous question, which was carried, 106; notwithstanding. The recess duration then prevailed, 430 to 45. This brought up the resolutions rejected last Thursday.

Mr. Taylor of New York, moved an amendment:

Resolved, That slaves do not possess the right of petition, secured to the people of the United States by the constitution.

Mr. Pickens of South Carolina, made a furious speech against it, going rap, rap, rap, on his desk, like a corn-thresher, at every sentence. He scorned the idea of permitting the north to deceive the south, by the subterfuge of this vote, and insisted that the vote of Thursday was the true abolition sentiment of the majority of the House. He declared that, on the subject of the south, he had seen, he feared she might prove recalcitrant; but as the representative of freedom, he could answer for South Carolina; he could answer for that State where his ancestors had been in every battle field of the revolution. He spoke for a people, who were ready to sleep in the trench, and to mount the ramparts in defence of her rights, in this issue, come in what shape it might. She would never shrink from her duty, and would leave to posterity the rich inheritance of a glorious name! Mr. P. especially denounced Dr. Channing.

Mr. Ingersoll of Pennsylvania, offered the following amendment:

The Hon. John Quincy Adams having inquired of the Speaker, whether it would be in order for him to present a petition purporting to be from certain slaves, and the Speaker having appealed to the House for instructions,—

Resolved, That this House cannot receive the said petition without disregarding its own dignity, the rights of a large class of citizens of the south and west, and the constitution of the United States.

Mr. Johnson of Louisiana, moved to add, 'and endangering the Union.' The Speaker said it was out of order to amend a pending amendment. Mr. Johnson begged Mr. Ingersoll to accept the amendment.

Mr. Anthony of Penn. Sir, I hope my colleague will not accept the amendment. We have heard quite too much about the danger of the Union already.

The amendment of Mr. Johnson was not accepted.

Mr. Patton of Virginia, opposed Mr. Ingersoll's amendment. He authorized the south against

voting on any question that ascribed the right of petition as growing out of the constitution, and therefore prohibited by the constitution to slaves. He denied that slaves had any inherent right to petition, and that therefore the constitution could not prohibit what did not exist, and insisted on the original proposition rejected on Thursday.

Mr. Vanderpool of New York, made a magnificent, manly speech, in reply to the ravings of Mr. Pickens. He told the south that he had gone with them on every vote, but if this was done with gratitude, if they were determined to act regardless of all the delicate relations in which their friends, who were fighting the battle against abolition at the north, stood in, he could go with them no farther. Their conduct, he said, had swelled the ranks of the abolitionists, and was disarming the friends of the south at the north. They were giving the abolitionists texts, with which to put down every citizen at the north who should oppose them. The doctrine of Mr. Pickens, that a slave had no more rights than a dog or a cat, would be rung throughout the north, and be used with immense effect to increase the number of the abolitionists. The course of the south, if persisted in, would render it impossible for those who were friendly to them on this floor, to sustain themselves at home.

I cannot do justice to this manly speech, but by giving every word of it. It silenced every southern man in the house. Not one attempted to reply to it.

Mr. Sutherland of Penn. took the same bold stand with immense effect. He told the south that they were agitating the north, and the men who were giving a power to abolition, it never could have acquired but by their unwise course on this floor. The more they press the matter, by compelling us to vote on abstract questions, the higher rises the spirit of abolition at the north, and if persisted in, instead of there being men in this hall who were ready to protect this property in the south, the north would send men here, who would meet that question in a different way, and force what the south professed to wish most to avert. Mr. Sutherland continued this bold strain of eloquence for some time, and proved himself a man of strong powers of mind and clear self-possession. He, too, was unanswered, because he was unanswerable. He told the south that this petition from slaves came from them, and not from the north, and they were responsible for it.

Mr. Bouldin of Va. followed in a dull strain of subdued invective, and the debate was continued with no great force, till

Mr. Adams got the floor. He made another brilliant, thrilling, powerful speech. He released the House from answering his question, as to the reception of the petition, for he had ascertained it was an imposition from slaveholders. Had he known that, he should never have asked any question, except whether those guilty of such an imposition upon a member of this House, ought not to be punished. He then showed the south what he had done for them, and the slave property he had restored to them after the last war, through the mediation of the Emperor Alexander. He was now receiving the gratitude of the south, in their personal denunciations. His course of argument brought scathing shame upon those who had abused this venerable man for the discharge of his duty.

In the mean time, the original resolutions were withdrawn, and those before the House modified. On these the previous question was carried, and the first resolution adopted by a vote of 160 to 35. The second was carried by a vote of 162 to 18. The resolutions adopted, were as follows:

An enquiry having been made by an Hon. gentleman from Mass. whether a paper which he held in hand purporting to be a petition from certain slaves, and declaring themselves to be slaves, came within the order of the House of the 12th of January, and the said paper was having been received by the Speaker, he stated that in a case so extraordinary as this, he would take the advice and counsel of the House.

Resolved, That this House cannot receive the said petition without disregarding its own dignity, the rights of a large class of citizens of the south and west, and the constitution of the United States.

Resolved, That slaves do not possess the right of petition secured to the people of the United States by the constitution.

The 18 who voted in the negative were Messrs. Adams, Burdett, Jackson, Phillips, of Mass.; Heaton, Allen, Jones, Slade, Vt.; Beaumont, Darlington, Dancy, Ingersoll, Potts, Penn.; Haley, Cowan, Hazeltine, Love, Russell, N. Y.; Parker, N. J.; Swayne, Ohio.

FROM THE CLEVELAND MESSENGER. MOBS AND OUTRAGES IN MOUNT VERNON, OHIO.

From a gentleman who resided in Mount Vernon where the occurrences described took place, we learn that the people of that village, who have the past year made themselves so conspicuous by mobs and riots, have again organized themselves by law, and are now, in a few months since they threw bushes of state eggs at the amiable and excellent Judge Birney, and last spring they immortalized their name and their high-minded civility by trying to pet with stones and besom with mud several gentlemen and ladies of high standing in society from Huron county, who were peacefully passing through their village, on their return from the meeting of the Ohio Anti-Slavery Society. Verily the inhabitants of that village are 'getting themselves a name and a place among the people of the earth,' and gaining a notoriety almost as great as that of Gilead and Sodom of olden times. The mob, however, is not to be kept on as they have begun, and they cannot fail to obtain a niche in the temple of fame. Their magistrates, attorneys, and other public functionaries are on the road to lasting notoriety, as the faithful administrators of the law and impartial justice, and the stern defenders of private rights and the rights of the community, and with such officers, a man's rights, property, family and life are almost as secure and inviolable as under the Bashaw of Algiers!

Our informant states, that on Friday, Jan. 20th, Dr. Baxts, a physician recently from New York, who now resides in Miller township, about seven miles from Mount Vernon, gave a lecture in his own house on the subject of slavery. A small congregation of the neighbors assembled and quietly listened to the lecture. A gang of 30 or 40 from the village, hearing of the lecture, went out to break it up. The Doctor, learning what was about to ensue, closed and fastened the doors. The assault commenced. A magistrate from within went out hoping to disperse the mob. They abused him shamefully. Two others went out and agreed on a compromise with the mob, that all the Abolitionists in the house, and all the mob, should return home immediately. But no sooner had the former left, than the mob entered the house, and a pistol to Dr. B. and said they would shoot him, unless he promised not to lecture again on the subject of slavery. The Doctor replied, that he should lecture on what subjects he pleased; and seized his rifle, which was wrested from him and broken. A scuffle ensued; Dr. B. seized his amputating knife; but he was thrown on the floor, and this was taken from him. At last he

effected an escape to his family, who were screaming with terror, supposing him murdered; but soon after returned and succeeded in clearing his house of these ruffians. Thus ended this horrible affray, which would disgrace a banditti of robbers!

On the following Monday afternoon, a young gentleman by the name of Cochran, who had occasionally lectured on slavery, was seen to pass through Mount Vernon. A mob of about fifty, well packed in sleighs, furnished no doubt by 'gentlemen of property and standing,' were soon in chase. As it was near night, and there was no Abolitionist on that road nearer than Mr. Bixby, a respectable farmer, five miles from town, they supposed he had taken quarters with him. Here they arrived at a late hour, after Mr. Bixby and wife and son, the only persons in the house at the time, were in bed. After avowing their object, demanding admittance, and being told that no Abolitionist lecturer nor any other person except his own family, was in the house, they broke down the door, rushed in, and meeting Mr. Bixby, levelled him with a club and beat him barbarously.—Mrs. Bixby also they struck and fractured her arm. Their son, who was in the room, was also beaten, and he could not contend with so many, ran towards the woods, but was followed and fired upon by these fiends in human form. Fortunately he escaped unharmed. After attempting in vain to kindle a fire near the house, the mob left the family and returned to the village to boast of their exploits, property and standing, were soon in chase. As it was near night, and there was no Abolitionist on that road nearer than Mr. Bixby, a respectable farmer, five miles from town, they supposed he had taken quarters with him. Here they arrived at a late hour, after Mr. Bixby and wife and son, the only persons in the house at the time, were in bed. 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LITERARY.

THE HAPPIEST TIME.

BY M. A. BROWN.

When are we happiest? When the light of morn
Wakes the young roses from their crimson rest;
When cheerful sounds upon the fresh winds blow;
Till man resumes his work with blither zest;
While the bright waters leap from rock to glen;
Are we the happiest then?

Alas, those roses! they will fade away,
And thunder tempests will defile the sky;
And summer heats will dry the spring buds decay,
And the clear sparkling fountain may be dry;
And nothing beautiful adorns the scene,
To tell what it hath been.

When are we happiest? In the crowded hall,
When fortune smiles, and flutes and lutes lead the knee;
When fortune smiles, and flutes and lutes lead the knee;
How soon, how very soon such pleasures fall!
How fast must fade the rainbow coloring life!
Its poison flow retards the sting of care;
We are not happy there.

Are we the happiest when the evening hearth
Is circled with the glowing living hearth;
When guests round the laugh of artless mirth,
And when affection from her bright urn showers
Her richest balm on the dilating heart?
Bliss! is it there thou art?

Oh, no! not there. It would be happiness
Almost like heaven's, if it might always be;
Those brows without one shading of distress,
And wanting nothing but eternity;
But they are things of earth, and pass away—
They must, they must decay!

Those voices must grow tremulous with years;
Those smiling faces must wear a tinge of gloom;
Those sparkling eyes be quenched in bitter tears,
And, at the last, close darkly in the tomb;
If happiness depend on them alone,
How quickly is it gone!

When are we happiest, then? O, when resigned
To whatso'er our cup of life may bring;
When we can know ourselves but weak and blind,
Creatures of earth; and trust alone in Him
Who giveth, in his mercy, joy and pain;
Oh! we are happiest then.

TO A MOTHER.

BY C. SWAIN.

Mourn! for thy boy, so beautiful, is dying!
Dim close the eyes so light may e'er relume!
Mourn for thy flower, thy precious flower—now lying
Broken and bowed—and ne'er on earth to bloom!

Weep for the little breast that heaves with anguish!
And plead where misery never pleads in vain;
Better that he were dead than thus to languish,
While life feeds but the lingering pulse of pain!

Peace!—'tis the last—the last convulsive feeling—
The lip yet quivers, but the heart lies still;
The parting soul is heavenward stealing—stealing—
Far from the wo and weight of earthly ill!

Rejoice! thy boy, so beautiful, no longer
Droops!—'neath disease!—Rejoice! his throes are o'er!
Thy bowed and broken flower is raised, and stronger
Blooms, where the storms of sickness beat no more.

Did not a tear ungratefully be given;
Let not a murmur linger where he trod;
Thy child of earth is now the child of heaven!
Thy heir, O mother! is the heir of God!

Lift up thy spirit with this seraph vision,
That he so pure, so beautiful, hath fled
From our dim home, unto a home Elysian;
The paradise that waits the sinless dead!

And yet, forget not! but, when early morning
Like a bright bird lifts up her golden plumes,
Think of thy child!—think, that his soul returning,
Glows in the heavenly East, as morning blooms!

And still, forget not! But, when flowers are sighing,
And evening sunset fades along the West,
Think of thy child! yet, oh! not pale and dying;
But living, smiling, radiant 'mid the blest!

[From the New York Mirror.]

THE OAK.

BY G. F. MORRIS.

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.

'Twas my father's hand
That planted it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hack it down?

Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound roots;
Oh, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters played.

My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.

Old tree! the storm still thrives;
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

EMANCIPATION.

Hear us, Father, while we cry—
Pleading for an injured race;
Make the idols thunder fly
By thine own resistless grace.

Let the captives all go free—
Let the oppressor cease to reign—
And the arm of tyranny
Never more be raised again.

Crush the system in the dust,
Ere another year be past—
Every chain and fetter burst
Which has been in avice cast.

Then will shrieks be turned to praise,
And the ransomed daily raise
Songs of joy from grateful hearts.

BE STEADFAST.

This is proud Oppression's hour,
Storms are round us: shall we cover?
While beneath a despot's power
Gleams the suffering slave!

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From the Quincy Patriot.]

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.
Washington, 1st Feb. 1837.

To the editors of the Patriot:

I enclose a letter to the petitioners for the abolition of slavery and the slave-trade in the District of Columbia, from the 12th Congressional District of Massachusetts, and to the other inhabitants of the District, which I request you to publish in your paper, and when published to send the paper containing them to the editors of the Old Colony Memorial, the Plymouth County Republican, and the Hingham Gazette.

The National Intelligencer of Wednesday, 25th of January, contains a report of the proceedings of the House upon the abolition petitions presented on Monday, the 23d of that month, and in the same paper of the 30th, is a letter from me to the editors, pointing out to them some of the errors, and noticing some of the omissions of that report. In the paper of the 30th is also published the petition from the ministers and members of the Lutheran Church in New York, praying Congress to secure to the inhabitants of the District of Columbia the benefit of the laws and the rights of the Declaration of Independence—which the House, with so much naivete, and with only three dissenting votes, pronounced to be a petition to abolish slavery. One of these dissenting votes was my own; and I believe that if the House would entertain and consider the petition, Congress might at least secure to all the inhabitants of the District the benefit of the laws and their future enjoyment, even of the Rights of the Declaration of Independence, without the immediate abolition of slavery—which the petition did not ask.

I wish you also to publish the petition of the Anti-Slavery Society presented by me on the 9th, 23d, and 30th of January, as well as the others which I may present hereafter, with the action of the House upon each of them as they have been and will be published in the National Intelligencer. I have deemed it my duty to present each petition separately, with the names of the first signer, and the numbers in each petition; except in cases where several petitions have been sent to me, attached together with a statement of their cumulative numbers.

In the National Inquirer, published at Philadelphia, and which I take it for granted you receive, you will find the Memorial from the Young Men's Anti-Slavery Society of the city and county of Philadelphia, against the recognition of Texas, which the Speaker at first refused to have read, because he considered it as within the order of the House against abolition petitions; but which he was forced to allow to be read, upon my appeal from his decision. And when it was found not to come within the order of the House, my appeal was laid upon the table to avoid the reversal by the House of the decision of the Speaker.

I shall, if my time will permit, before the close of the present session of Congress, address another letter to the inhabitants of the 12th Congressional District of Massachusetts, and forward it to you for publication.

I am with much respect, gentlemen, your fellow-citizen and Representative.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.
Washington, 31st Jan. 1837.

To the Petitioners for the Abolition of Slavery and the Slave-trade in the District of Columbia, from the Twelfth Congressional District of Massachusetts, and to the other inhabitants of the District.

FELLOW-CITIZENS—As the system of actions of the House of Representatives, upon what are called abolition petitions, appears to be now settled for the remainder of the present session of Congress, and as many of you take a deep interest in the petitions which you have forwarded to me, to be presented to both Houses of the national legislature, I have thought most convenient to give you proper information of the reception and treatment of your petitions, through the medium of the public press in your own District, than on any other form.

I have received and presented petitions from the towns of Dorchester, Braintree, Weymouth, Hanson, Scituate, Plymouth, Hingham, Kingston, and Duxbury, within my own Congressional District; from Ashtaburgh, Dover, Medfield, Westchester, Franklin and Needham within my commonwealth, besides similar petitions subscribed by many thousand names from the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Michigan. Among them all, there has been no petition from my own town Quincy, though nearly one thousand of the names are from Dorchester, Braintree, and Weymouth, within the miles of my own dwelling house. Almost all the petitions coming from my own District are signed by women, stated to me to be the wives and daughters of my constituents. I presume they all know, that with regard to one of the prayers of their petitions, the immediate abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia or the territories, my opinions do not concur with theirs. I do nevertheless believe, that the condition of the slaves and the internal slave-trade, and the prohibition of the exportation of slaves, is not only strictly within the powers, but among the most important duties of Congress.

It has been adjudged by the Supreme Judicial Court of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, and a more righteous judgment never issued from the lips of man, that any slaveholder of other states who voluntarily brings his slave within the bounds of the state, emancipates him de facto. And if the African slave-trade be piracy, it follows in my judgment as a necessary consequence, that the ocean, the common jurisdiction of all nations, possesses the same charm as the soil of Massachusetts, and emancipates every slave carried by his master upon its bosom. I trust this question may ere long be brought for solemn adjudication before the Supreme Court of the United States, and that they may settle it so that no appeal shall be taken from their judgment.

Although the male petitioners from my own District have been very few, and although I know that an immense majority of them are anti-abolitionists so far as regards the immediate action of Congress upon this District, I have been very sure that they would expect of me the same respect for the petitions of their wives and daughters, and if possible, a deeper respect for those of their mothers, than for their own. Most of the petitioners have declared their determination to renew yearly their application to Congress; a declaration which it appeared the majority of the House were peculiarly unwilling to hear.

What the effect of future petitions may be upon all nations, possesses the same charm as the soil of Massachusetts, and emancipates every slave carried by his master upon its bosom. I trust this question may ere long be brought for solemn adjudication before the Supreme Court of the United States, and that they may settle it so that no appeal shall be taken from their judgment.

And upon this order of the House, the Speaker has undertaken upon his arbitrary authority to decide, first, that such petitions, memorials, resolutions, propositions or papers, shall not be read—and, secondly, that he is the judge what petitions, resolutions, memorials, propositions or pa-

pers are, and what are not, embraced under this order of the House. You will perceive that by these two decisions, the Speaker has made himself the dictator for the admission or rejection, without reading, of any and every petition that can be presented to the House.

An exemplification of the extent to which he carries this exercise of authority occurred yesterday. I presented a memorial from the Young Men's Anti-Slavery Society of the city and county of Philadelphia, against the recognition of Texas insurgents as an independent government. There was not a word about slavery in the United States, or its abolition. The Speaker decided that it came within the order of the House, and that it should not be read. I appealed from his own decision, permitted the petition to be read, and a member even from the South instantly saw and insisted that the Speaker had been wrong; and the memorial palpably did not come within the order of the House. Another member instantly moved to lay my appeal on the table. This measure admits no debate, and the appeal was laid on the table. The decision was of course laid on the table with the appeal; and the memorial itself with both. I will discuss every point of law in substance rejected without a hearing. I presented yesterday twenty-one petitions, signed by nearly six thousand persons, not one of which would the Speaker suffer to be read. I moved for permission to address the House upon the right of the petitioners to have their petition read; but as by a large majority refused to vote thereon, and I read from the parliamentary Manual the following authority, to which I request your particular attention: "Where papers are laid before the House, or referred to a committee, every member has a right to have them once read at the table, before he can be compelled to vote thereon." In the face of this rule, the speaker refused to permit the reading, demanded by me, of twenty-one petitions, which I successively presented. I appealed in every instance from his decision, and in every instance the appeal was laid on the table, the House having already refused me permission to address them on the right of the petitioners to have their petitions read.

In the report of the National Intelligencer of this day, of the proceedings of yesterday, you will see it stated that the motions to lay my appeals from the Speaker's decisions on the table, were made by Mr. Cushing. This error, no doubt unintentional, will be corrected to-morrow. In the arduous and painful duty which you are performing, of sustaining an indelible majority of the House, to the last hair's breadth of their toleration, the constitutional right of my own constituents, and of thousands and thousands of petitioners from the other free states of the Union, to have their petitions received, read, and kindly and respectfully considered, I have hitherto had the aid and support of being supported by the votes of every one of my colleagues in the House.

I have already cautioned the petitioners against too much reliance on any report published in this city, of the proceedings of the House upon abolition petitions. I request the editors of the Quincy Patriot to republish from the National Intelligencer of Jan. 25th, the report of the proceedings of the House on Monday the 23d, and with them my letter to the editors of the Intelligencer, published in their paper of yesterday, correcting the errors and noticing the omissions of the report. In the debate of that day, I first tested the exercise of constructive and inferential power by the Speaker to exclude petitions from the House. The order of the House names only petitions, &c., relating to slavery or the abolition of slavery. The petitions from the ministers and members of the Lutheran Church in New York, did not once use the term of slavery or the slave trade. They prayed Congress to enact laws to secure to the inhabitants of the District of Columbia the benefit of the laws, and the rights of the Declaration of Independence. That this was identical with the abolition of slavery, I was willing to consider as questionable, but an almost unanimous vote decided that it was identical to abolish slavery, and to secure to the people the rights of the Declaration of Independence.

The great effort of the Speaker and of the majority of the House is to smother all discussion or deliberation upon the subject of slavery. Under this influence they go, both in theory and in practice, far beyond the doctrine of the Alien and Sedition Laws of 1798. The constitution of the U. S. expressly prohibits Congress from making any law abridging the freedom of Speech or of the Press; or of the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances. The freedom of speech and the right of petition may be suppressed by legislative assemblies without making any law, by the administration of rules for conducting business in the House, a flexible Parliamentary Manual, and a well-drilled party majority.

The result is, that your petitions, with those of tens of thousands of your fellow-citizens, have been rejected by the House of Representatives, but have not been, and will not be, read. They have never even been presented to the Senate, the order of the House, among its other operations, depriving them of that right. Of my conduct throughout these transactions you are the constitutional judges; and it is for you alone to determine in this world whether I have been

Your faithful Representative,

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

PLEASE ALL PARTIES.

The hopeless attempt usually ends by pleasing none, for time-servers never serve themselves nor any one else. As the endeavor involves a contemptible compromise of principle, it is generally derided by the very parties whom we seek to conciliate. What opinion can we have of a man who has no opinion of his own? A neutral we can understand and respect; but a Janus double-faced dealer, who affects to belong to both sides, will not be tolerated by either. His fear of giving offence is the greatest of all offences. Of this a ludicrous instance was afforded at the time of the riots in the year 1760, when every one was obliged to chalk 'no popery' on the wall of his house, in order to protect them from violence. Delphini, the clown, particularly anxious to win golden opinions from all sorts of men since his benefit was close at hand, scrawled on his house in large letters—"no religion."

Another Centenarian.—We learn that an old black woman, named Violet Coleman, one hundred and seventy years old, died at the Poor House in this county, on Thursday night, 26th ult. —Elkton, Maryland, Courier.

Of 122 convicts received into the Sing Sing State Prison, during the year ending 30th September last, 62 (more than a third) were foreigners.

A new paper has recently been commenced at Canajoharie, N. Y., edited by Levi S. Backus, who is deaf and dumb.

Robinson, who was tried at New-York, for the murder of Helen Jewett, has been appointed a lieutenant in the Texas army.

MORAL.

DREADFUL FALL. We are filled with the deepest anguish and amazement, in view of the dreadful transgression committed against the pure and holy law of God, by Elder Ray Potter of Pawtucket—by him whom we have hitherto regarded as among the most worthy followers of Christ; whose zeal and boldness for the truth, and in every good work, have made him conspicuous all over the country, and endeared him to the hearts of thousands of the advocates of righteousness; and who seemed to be storm-proof against every temptation, and under every trial. It is indeed a dreadful fall—his public confession shows that he has been overcome, and is guilty of the crime alleged against him. Deeply do we sympathize with his afflicted family and dishonored church, and over him we bend with unutterable sorrow. But let not the enemies of God rejoice over his downfall. The heart that exults at such a fearful dereliction from the path of duty, is base enough to commit any sin against God or man, under the pressure of temptation. The following article, from the Pawtucket Record, explains the nature of his crime.

ELDER POTTER.

Every person in this vicinity is aware that Elder Potter sent a singular letter lately to his Church, containing an acknowledgment that he had held intercourse with a church-sister, and that she will bring into existence living proof of her shame and guilt. Such is the melancholy fact, and if a strong sense of duty did not compel us to mention it, we would pass it over in silence. We have entertained hitherto a favorable opinion of him as a Christian; and from a long acquaintance in business, we felt confident that he was a generous and honest man. Deeply do we feel aggrieved that he has forfeited our esteem and confidence, by the commission of a deed, so fatal to his own character, so destructive to the happiness of his victim, and so disgraceful to the community.

We were so painfully impressed by the exhibition of deep depravity in the man we once highly esteemed, that we had concluded not to introduce the sickening subject into our columns—even now as we write a few remarks, deep sorrow for him, unworthy human nature gathers like disease around our heart, and almost stops its pulsations.

Our citizens might well shudder at this piece of intelligence, for this is the second offence perpetrated by a clergyman, in our village in a few months—and when the story is told in other places, for the honor of Pawtucket, be it remembered that both offenders had to flee before the indignation of her justly excited citizens.

The following extracts, from the printed Confession of Mr. Potter to his Church, show the state of his mind in view of his criminality. The language is manifestly that of deep contrition and self-loathing, and not of sinful palliation or hypocrisy.

I have sinned, I have fallen! Six months ago I committed a great sin—temptation had followed me ten years, and in an hour of distraction with temptation, I did that which has thrown me from my standing as a Minister of the Gospel, into the depths of reproach and shame in the sight of God and man. After committing this sin, I earnestly sought forgiveness of God by humility and repentance, and have I trust found it freely—and as I did not know what the effect of my sin was, I continued my religious duties, in hope that it would never be known, to bring such a wound upon the cause of God, and shame and disgrace upon me and others. But God has ordered it otherwise, and it is therefore my duty to make a confession as public as will be my sin.—It is impossible for me to express my anguish. At some future time I shall express myself more fully. I only now say that I humble myself before you as a Church, and every individual. I confess my sin. Do with me as seemeth good in your sight. Let God's will be done. If I might plead as a beggar, I would say have pity on my poor family, have pity on A—B—C—I must be overwhelmed in disgrace. I deserve it. I complain not, let what will come. God is glorified in my degradation—in that I have comfort. O God, I submit to thy awful rebuke, to let hell rejoice over me for a season. I bow under the dispensation without a murmur. I would fondly hope that it may be a warning to all to resist temptation. I have been followed with this temptation more than ten years, and at last I fell! And I fell by not watching and praying as I ought. I ask forgiveness of God, of you, of the people in this place, of all the world.

RAY POTTER.

If you would not consider me as trying to palliate my sin, I would add, that I never premeditated doing what I have done. Read this in public.

In a letter addressed by him to the church, he further says:

When I look at myself I feel willing that God should glorify himself in my downfall, and a comfort that he is able to honor himself in my ruin; but when I look at the cause of God, at his children, and at poor sinners who may stumble over me into hell, my anguish is unutterable. But with my ruin, I feel deliverance from the power of that passion which so long has raged, and finally overcome me.

I confess my sin to you in the deepest anguish of my soul. I am sorry I repent—O! I ask forgiveness of the people of God; I ask forgiveness of the people of this place! I never expect to open my mouth again by way of preaching. No—but my life must be spent in confession. I can truly say that I feel as willing to have public condemnation as once I did public praise. Truth requires me to say, I never premeditated this sin. But I have done it. I offer no palliation. Do with me as seemeth good in your sight. Only remember that I humble myself at your feet. God pity me, a poor ruined man.

RAY POTTER.

[From the Illuminator.]

LET HIM THAT THINKETH HE STAND-

ETH TAKE HEED LEST HE FALL.

For the time is come that judgment must begin at the house of God, and if it first begin at us, what shall the end be of them that obey not the gospel of God?

A painful task is before us. The iniquities of some in the church as well as out of it must be exposed. The object in view is, to awaken Christians to their duty in respect to all God's commands—to purify the church—to warn the innocent of the vile rakes and libertines, that they may shun his approach; and that all may have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them—and that the guilty may be reformed and brought to repentance, or be driven to their proper places in society.

Sometime since, the facts in relation to Phineas's adulterous and licentious acts were published in the Illuminator. He was formerly a minister in Pawtucket. About two weeks since, a minister of the Free Will Baptist denomination, in Pawtucket, Elder Ray Potter, wrote a letter to the church, confessing that he had committed adultery with a member of his church. I heard that this was the fact, by report, but I would not believe it. If there was a man in the United States whom I thought free from this sin, it was Ray Potter. I respected, I loved the man for his integrity and faithfulness to the cause of truth and righteousness. But alas! alas! I was forced to believe, what I would not before be-

lieve, when I read the confession of his guilt in his own hand writing. Yes, painful as the fact may be to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ, the truth must be proclaimed. RAY POTTER, a professed minister of the Gospel, has confessed himself an adulterer.

Brother—for I will yet call thee brother—thou hast fallen, deeply fallen. Oh why, why didst thou yield in the hour of temptation? Why didst thou not fall upon thy knees, and beseech God for Christ's sake, for his name's sake, for his truth's sake, to grant you grace and strength, to resist the temptation to which you yielded? Why did you not have this truth written on your heart as with a pen of iron?—Whoso committeth adultery with a woman, lacketh understanding; he that doeth it, destroyeth his own soul. You have all this, and yet you did the iniquitous deed. Think of the wound, the deep, bleeding wound you have made in the church of Jesus Christ,—of that bleeding, dying, forgiving Saviour, on Calvary's Cross, and then hold up before you the bloody dagger, with which you have crucified him afresh and put him to an open shame. Think of that blessed Comforter and Spirit of all Grace, which you grieved and drove from you, perhaps forever. And then think of the use the licentious, the profligate, the thoughtless and the reckless, will make of this your iniquity. Long will they take occasion, through this your sin, to shoot their arrows, even bitter words, at the true followers of Jesus Christ. The ever blessed God, the glorious Redeemer, the Holy Spirit and sanctifier, the true followers of Jesus Christ, are all wounded, deeply wounded, by your sin and downfall. The church of which you was leader and teacher—see how it bleeds. Your relatives—your dear family, wife and children—but I spare you. Recent as you have proved yourself to one of God's commands, in this instance, I can truly say, I love you still. I hate your sin. I would ever hate it with perfect hatred. Would that you had like Paul, remained steadfast, and said determinedly at all times, with him: "I keep under my body, and bring it under subjection; lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." It may be that you have truly repented of this sin. God who sees the heart only knows. He not deceived. God is not mocked. Whosoever confesseth and forsaketh his sin shall find mercy. 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.'

I learn through a friend, that Mr. Potter was driven from Pawtucket by a mob of the populace. Can it be supposed that the whoremongers and adulterers who composed a portion of this mob, were excited to acts of violence through hatred to the sin of which Mr. Potter was guilty? No. Many of them were, undoubtedly, deeply in the guilt, in the sight of God, than he was. And had Jesus Christ been on earth, and had this mob taken Mr. Potter before him, and accused him (Mr. Potter) of the sin of which he was guilty, Jesus Christ might have said, 'He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at him.' And it might have been said to the mob, 'Was said of the Jews of old—And they which heard it being convicted by their own conscience, went out one by one beginning at the eldest, even unto the last: and Jesus was left alone, and the woman standing in the midst. When Jesus had lifted up himself, and saw none but the woman, he said unto her, Woman, where are those thine accusers? hath no man condemned thee? She said, no man, Lord. And Jesus said unto her, neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more.' Mr. Potter affirms before God, that he never was guilty of fornication or adultery in his youth nor at any subsequent period, until this act. The evidence, so far as man can judge is, that he is now truly a penitent man, in view of this sin. Such facts as these, should lead us to glorify in Jesus Christ to humble himself before God, should lead him to more watchfulness and prayer, and above all to do whatever he does, whether he eats or drinks, to the glory of God. To keep under the body, by having respect to its physiological condition; making 'no provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof'; to be adapted to promote health and purity, without exciting the animal passions and depraving the instinctive propensities. To avoid licentious thoughts, feelings and actions, and preserve purity of mind, all high seasoned and richly prepared dishes, and all gluttony must be avoided. 'The seer' you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies as a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.'

The Eglington, in noticing the affair of Elder Ray Potter of Pawtucket, remarks:—While we deplore the unhappy termination of this man's religious career, we must be permitted to say, that we do not look upon his crime with that mixed horror which the *ecclesiastical* world generally feels at the falling away of the best. It is, truly, common to make a great outcry when a minister, or a man who has enjoyed a high reputation in society, gives proof that he is a fallible being. When a man, whose whole life has been remarkable for its purity—whose deeds have been the admiration of the good and the envy of the bad, is overtaken by a crime, then old men, whose whole career has been evil—who never had one principle—who never performed one good action, cry out with a most unseemly indignation, seeing that the man against whom they wag their tongues has committed but one crime, while they have been the authors of many. A black spot shows plainly on a white tablecloth, but the very distinctness with which it shows, proclaims the purity of the cloth itself. The coalman wipes his dusty feet on the rug in the entry and leaves no mark behind, because the rug has already been stained and abused by the grinding of many feet; but, when he enters the parlor and carelessly lays his hand on the good woman's napkins, the print of his fingers is as legible as Chinese characters on a tea bowl. What shall all other men sin and no note be taken of it, while the only blemish on the character of the just man must destroy his reputation for ever? If this is right, let us be consistent. Let the psalms of David be blotted from the good book, and let his name be remembered no more, for he seduced a married woman, and murdered her husband that he might retain her.

Correction. The Fall River Monitor says that Elder Potter was a leading member in the Moral Reform Society. This is a mistake. Mr. Potter occasionally prayed at their public meetings, but was not one of their private members.—Pawtucket Record.

[For the Liberator.]

PAWTUCKET, Feb. 7, 1837.

The following preamble and resolutions were passed at a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Pawtucket Anti-Slavery Society, held Monday evening, Feb. 6th, 1837.

Whereas, Ray Potter, heretofore one of our prominent and active members, having been guilty of gross immorality, therefore,

Resolved, That we deem it our duty thus publicly to express our unqualified disapprobation of his conduct, and to declare that our connection with him is now dissolved.

Resolved, That however painful and unpleasant the task, yet the circumstances of the case, and the interest of the cause we are engaged to support, are such as imperiously to demand this at our hands.

GEORGE W. WALKER, Chairman.

JOSEPH Sisson, Secretary.